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A Book of Rhymes
To Suit the Times.

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— BY —

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"GRACE GLENN"

TONIA, MICH.

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THE GOOD SHIP LABOR.

BY MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"Grace Glenn."

There's a ship with iron keel,
Pushing out from land,
Rudder strong, and true as steel,
As she clears the strand.
By the noblest let us feel
She is ably manned,
While the guiding of the wheel
Rests in God's own hand.

CHORUS:—

Board the ship oh, sailors true!
Steady captain, sober crew,
There is work for you to do,
Pushing out from land.

GROCERIES.

H. C. LEWIS is the GROCER, corner of Third street and Main.
 For goods in quality and weight you never need complain.
 His COFFEES, TEAS and SUGARS will never make you blue,
 His VEGETABLES nicest, cheapest and freshest too.

CANNED GOODS, SALT FISH, OYSTERS and CRACKERS fine,
 In short, there's nothing lacking a first-class grocer's line.
 His prices are no cut-throat to drive good trade away,
 Who once to LEWIS goes is very sure to stay.

—*Ionia, Mich.*

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

I. M. POUCHER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Has a fame both good and wide,
 Those say most who best have knowledge;
 'Tis deserved on every side.

If you have a son or daughter
 You for BUSINESS would prepare.
 Let them take a course of training
Practical and thorough there.

—*Webber Block, Ionia, Mich.*

YËR MOTHER WANTS TER VOTE.

BY MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"Grace Glenn."

He sat beside an empty keg—
 Its ends were painted red—
His eyes suffused with tears, as if
 His every friend was dead.

His pipe was hanging from his lips,
 His hands hung o'er his knees,
While patches here, and tatters there,
 Were lifted by the breeze.

UNION HOTEL.

JAMES CALLOW PROP'R.

Enlarged they say the UNION is,
 So nicely furnished too,
 And when the farmers come to town
 They'll look it through and through.
 They'll put their horses in the barn,
 While they are gone to trade,
 And have them fed with hay and grain,
 Till runaways are "played."

And when their business all is done,
 They'll willingly be led
 To CALLOW's table where the best
 To hungry men is fed.
 There never supperless need one
 Go home or go to bed,
 For never there by charges high
 Is any pocket bled.

—Corner Main and Dexter Sts., Ionia, Mich.

YER MOTHER WANTS TER VOTE.

[CONTINUED.]

His hair no comb had lately known,
 His beard no razor's ken;
 His face—had once been clean—I *guess*,
 And might be so again. •

A boy aged ten, or more perhaps,
 Fair-faced, and sunny-eyed,
 Neat, bright as any father's son,
 Stood near the drunkard's side.

To him his father made complaint,
 In grumbling monotone—
 "We had a little farm one time,
 An' (hic) 'twas all my own."



DR. R. J. HUMPHREY.

What will a person not give for his life?
Out with the CANCER but down with the knife,
MICKEL & HUMPHREY's you'll find is the place
To get rid of CANCERS from feet or from face.

With grip of a viper this terrible pest
Shuts down on the hopes and the lives of the best,
But MICKEL & HUMPHREY arise to defend
The life of yourself and the life of your friend.

So do not delay in your pain and despair,
But hasten to them for relief from your care,
If aid can restore you they surely will be
The ones who can set you from suffering free.

Their safe simple PLASTER takes CANCERS out faster,
And surer, and safer, than lancet or knife,
'Twill take you no longer, and leave you the stronger,
With less of blood-letting to threaten your life.

—MICKEL & HUMPHREY— *Ionia, Mich.*

YER MOTHER WANTS TER VOTE.

[CONTINUED.]

“Yer mother, she took up the land,
 Her father furnished seed,
 But when I wanted (hic) ter sell,
 She wouldn’t sign the deed.

She claimed ’at half the place was hers,
 An’ all the papers hid,
 An’ wouldn’t give ’em up, till I—
 I licked ’er till she did.

I sold it then an’ got a watch,
 An’ (hic) a gun, an’ dog;
 An’ then she made a fuss because
 I paid my debts—for grog.”

HARDWARE.

H. W. WEBBER'S HARDWARE line,
 Of all in town just takes the shine.
 Bright rows of TINWARE o'er your head,
 And rows of STOVES beside you stand,
 MECHANICS' TOOLS on every hand,
 FINE CUTLERY around you spread.

If merry BELLS you'd be a ringing,
 Or dripping clothes from washtub *wringing* —
 If you belong to town or grange,
 Want *parlor* GRATE or *kitchen* RANGE —
 For *sitting-room* a coal BASE BURNER,
 Or common COOK for duties sterner —
 Want COAL HOD black, or fine BIRD CAGE,
 To suit your circumstance or stage,
 Of all your wishes to relieve you,
 With goods which never will deceive you,
 At figures which need never grieve you,
 'Twill please "Herb Webber" to receive you.
 —South Side West Main Street, Ionia, Mich.

YER MOTHER WANTS TER VOTE.

[CONTINUED.]

Her father gave 'er once a colt,
 The hoss, he sold for rent,
 An' somehow for the eaten stuff,
 The calf an' pigs they went.

We kep' the cow till (hic) till she—
 (You bet your mother cried,)
 The storms were cold, and feed was scarce,
 An' she, well Bob—she died.

Yer mother sewed an' got some cash,
 An' hid it in a shoe—
 She couldn't swear what come o' that;
 You bet the lan'lor' knew.

BLACKSMITHING.

On Washington and Union streets,
 The city Smithy stands,
 Where W. E. SNOWDEN beats
 The iron red with skillful hands.

The many *horses* he has shod,
 Prove him *expert* a SHOE to SET.
 While many a farmer "broken down"
 His strong REPAIRS will not forget.

North of Ionia's Court House grand,
 You easily can find his stand;
 Whatever you are needing done,
 His work the second is to none.

Remember the place,
 And "Ed. Snowden's" face,
 Corner Union and Washington streets,
 Ionia, Mich.

YER MOTHER WANTS TER VOTE.

[CONTINUED.]

The watch and gun I sold to Jones,

(Yer mother needn't hear—

Ye see, the weather was so tough,

I had ter have my beer.)

An' all 'ats left o' my—my farm,

Is this 'ere house an' lot;

We paid for this in washin', but

The deed yer mother's got.

She lets me go all rags, you see,

Last week I lost my coat,

An' now ter cap—ter cap the hull,

Yer mother wants ter vote!"

GROCERIES.

When GROCERIES you're needing, F. H. HARTER go and see,
 His COFFEE is the strongest, he keeps the best of TEA,
 CANNED GOODS of all descriptions, SALT FISH of every kind,
 All grades of SUGARS, SPICES of every sort you find,
 OYSTERS of choicest branding, new CRACKERS fresh and sweet,
 RICE, HOMINY and FLOUR, all grains mankind can eat.
 Cigars and choice TOBACCOS he has a stock complete,
 With EXTRACTS, SOAPS and FANCY GOODS, in short cannot be beat.

— *West Main St., Ionia, Mich.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.

At MENKEE BROTHERS is the place
 To get a *picture* of your face,
 As certain as the sun to shine,
 'Twill perfect be in every line.

If you your brightest smile will wear,
 The PHOTOGRAPH will be as fair;
 For prices none with them compete
 In first-class work they can't be beat.

— *MENKEE BROTHERS, Ionia, Mich.*

THE MILL OF DEBT.

BY MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

"Grace Glenn."

Paddy O'Leary would go into debt,
So he ran up a grocer's bill,
And the grocer owed for the goods from which
The Irishman ate his fill.

The wholesale dealer had never paid
The manufacturer yet,
The manufacturer owed his hands,
So all of them ran in debt.

R. HUDSON & SON, CLOTHIERS.

(Air "*Nellie Gray*.")

There's a fearful *crash in prices* now at HUDSON'S CLOTHING
STORE.

And you'll notice when passing down that way,
Cheaper COATS, VESTS, and TROUSERS than you ever saw before,
Which the folks by the dozen bear away.

Oh the CAPS and the HATS!

Oh the COLLARS and CRAVATS!

And the suits of UNDERWEAR the people take!

Oh the HANDKERCHIEFS and TIES!

You will view them with surprise,
When you see what a sale the HUDSONS make!

—*Ionia, Mich.*

THE MILL OF DEBT.

(CONTINUED.)

Debt closed the manufacture shop,
The wholesale dealer quailed,
For debts of Paddy and all his friends
The poor little Grocer failed.

So Paddy winked and drank his grog,
And growled at this country free,
And smoked his pipe and ran in debt
At another Grocerie.

The wheels of Credit go round and round,
And a very few ride on top,
Their victims daily are ground and ground,
But the mill will never stop.

DREAM OF MILLER & HUDSON.

I dreamed a dream the other night,

When all around was still,

I dreamed I saw my wife bring in

A monstrous DRY GOODS bill!

It told of CLOAKS and DRESSES fine,

Of VELVET, SILK or WOOL,

Of GLOVES and SHAWLS and CARPETS too,

Ah me that bill was full!

Oh, 'twas that MILLER!

'Twas he and Hudson too,

Had wrecked my sleep, had wrecked my purse,

And run my credit through.

But soon I woke, the spell was broke,

For it was all a dream,

How glad was I to loudly cry,

"Things are not as they seem!"

For there they sell for ready cash,

And not a man need fear

To let his wife go into town,

And do her trading there.

MILLER AND HUDSON!

Oh, that's the firm to trust!

'Tis there my wife and girls shall buy,

And I'll bring down "the dust."

As all of this book is presented in rhyme,
To "follow in suit" we consider no crime,
Please give your attention while looking it through
To the PRICES we quote for they may assist you.
Just turn this page over and see how WE "holler,"
We'll print you *1,000 Good Cards for a DOLLAR.*

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